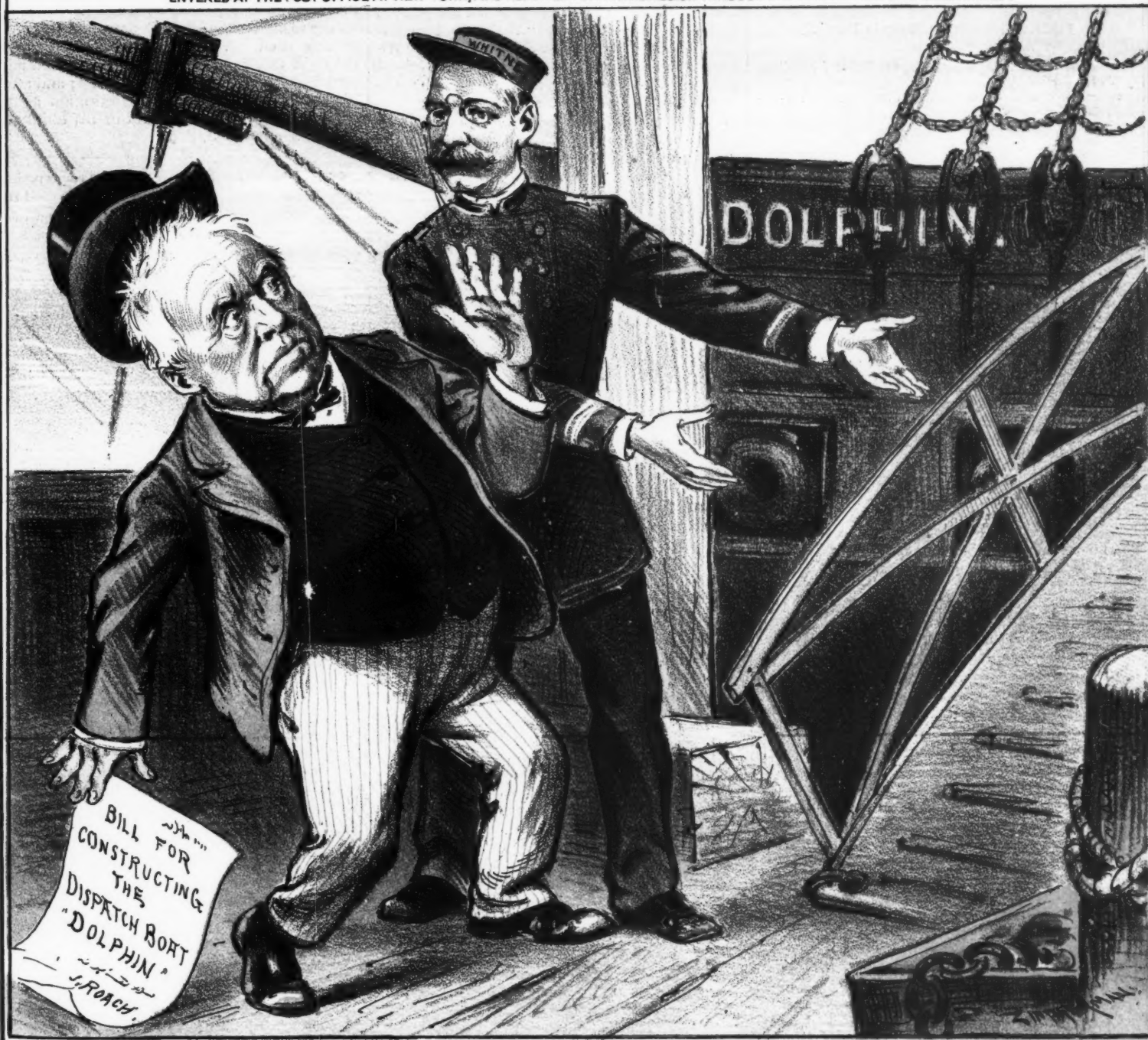


PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES"

3



## THE CRUEL SECRETARY AND THE PATRIOTIC CONTRACTOR.

SECRETARY WHITNEY.—"I can't accept your ship until we have tried her again. Step on board, sir—"

J. R.—"Step on board! No, sir, never! My life is entirely too valuable to the nation. Cut down the bill, and call it square!"

## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00  
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.50  
One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.25  
(England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)  
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$6.00  
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 3.00  
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers, - - - - - 1.50

INCL. POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - J. S. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

## IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.  
Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

## PUCK'S TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

Subscribers desiring a Title-Page or Index for Volume XVI. of PUCK will be furnished with same free, on application at this office. Or it will be mailed to any address gratis.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers PUCK,  
Nos. 21—25 Warren St., New York.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

And in the afternoon they came unto a land  
Wherein it seemed always afternoon.

Or anyway  
There was a pale, dull, chill, uncomfortable  
And cussed post-meridianity about it—  
There was.

And old Danaos, the high priest  
(Old Charles A. Timeo Danaos) rose  
And, lifting up his withered arms to heaven,  
Spake thus:

"So far, through many weary years,  
Yea, through a quarter of a century's space,  
And something over, so far have we come;  
And now behold, the Promised Land ahead  
Gleams fair and fruitful, pleasant to the eye,  
And reeking with rich offices. Yea, I see  
Afar that shining custom-house, for which,  
Not getting it, I came into your ranks.  
How bright it seems! How fairly shine its  
walls!

How high its dome against the azure sky—  
But oh, how far!

The Right prevails—  
But how about the Left? We are the Left,  
My brethren. Lo the rosy cloud of power  
Sweeps on ahead, a pillar of bright flame;  
And we have missed the train.

Good Kellyos,  
The children of our faith are entering in  
Unto their habitation; we alone,  
Who led them, must, the victims of a curse  
Cruel and un-Jeffersonian, linger here,  
And wait the halcyon Democratic days  
Of Office, Office, Office!

There the power  
That bars us out sits in the White House door,  
Implacable, immovable, secure.  
Oh, clear your dusty throats, your ancient voices  
Lift up once more, lift up in one tremendous  
Old Jeffersonian curse on what hath wrought  
This woe immeasurable—this is Civil Service  
Reform!—oh, cuss it once, before we die,  
Cuss with the strength of all your empty hearts,  
And I will lead the chorus."

And they cussed.

The spectacle of a Secretary of the Navy demanding that a contract-built ship shall be put through a second trial-trip is one that must fill the bosoms of all contractors with a deep and abiding horror. Civil Service Reform was something which we had all learned to expect from the new administration, but this naval service reform is a step beyond the calculations of the average man. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Roach is astonished at such obstinacy on the part of Mr. Whitney. And when the new Secretary of the Navy kindly presses upon Mr. Roach an invitation to go to sea in his own vessel, we fancy that the ship-builder's astonishment will deepen into terror. United States dispatch-boats look well; but, as a rule, they do not float well—that is, for any extended period.

In his relations with other ship-builders, Mr. Roach will have to enact a part similar to that of the Sergeant of police in the "Pirates of Penzance." It will be remembered by those who are familiar with the opera that when the police find themselves brought face to face with the duty of going forth to demolish the pirates, they remark in concert: "We cannot understand it at all." Then the Sergeant says: "We should have thought of that before we joined the force." And the men respond: "We should." The Sergeant remarks: "Now it is too late"; and the men answer in a deep, sepulchral bass: "It is." So Mr. Roach remarks to all other ship-builders and contractors who may be engaged in work for the Navy Department: "We should have thought of this before we undertook the jobs"; and they answer: "We should." Then Mr. Roach sighs: "But now it is too late"; and they groan: "It is." The winter which has just ended, somewhat behind time, has been very hard on the poor; but the spring looks unpromising for those who become rich on naval contracts.

The United States Navy will stand a great deal of building. There is room on the ocean for a good many ships, and at the present writing those of the land of the free and home

of the brave are not crowding out those of the other nations of the earth to any appreciable extent. Hitherto the labors of naval contractors have not tended in that direction, because their ships refused, with great earnestness and unbroken regularity, to remain upon the face of the waters. Mr. Whitney does not seem to care much about the bottom of the sea. He wants vessels that he can see without going down in a diving-bell. Heretofore money appropriated for the navy has speedily become a sinking fund. Mr. Whitney might prefer even a floating debt to this.

The fact of the matter is that we have, through the wisdom and integrity of Mr. Cleveland, secured an honest Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Whitney is a business-man and a lawyer. He has plenty of money, and proposes not only to investigate the department of which he is the head, but to spend some of his private income in the work. This is the most remarkable announcement that has ever been made in the marine history of this country. A man who will do this will be desperately, hopelessly, miserably honest. And as for Mr. Whitney's ability to handle the Navy Department, we think no one need have any fears. He was one of the chief members of the amusement committee of the Metropolitan Opera House; and after his success in keeping that institution above water, there can be no doubt of his ability to make the navy float.

OCCASIONALLY A MAN tries to pick up an empty pocket-book on the sidewalk, and when he almost has his hand on it, the boy behind the tree pulls the cord and runs, and the man knows it is the first of April. This little event impresses on him the day fifty times as distinctly as could a soft mellow sky, a bunch of violets, a spray of arbutus, or a shad-bone firmly wedged in his throat. There are many things that fool a man on the first of April; but there is one thing that doesn't, and that is PUCK'S ANNUAL. You can buy it any day in the year without being sold. It is always the same, and never gets down to nothing, like a fancy stock, or your woodpile when you are absent.

Price twenty-five cents per copy.

For sale by all news-dealers.

## GO A LITTLE EASY, CHARLES!



PUCK.—"Mr. Dana, you have lately condemned the portraits published in PUCK and other periodicals; but were we ever guilty of anything like this?"



## A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

(A new and original variety.)



Fwhy do me hot tears fall upon dhe shtones?  
(Cowl'd are dhe shtones what chill dhe tears.)  
Fwhy is dhe heart o' me all full o' moans?  
(Loud are dhe moans an' deeper are me fears.)  
Fwhy does me 'baccy taste loike cabbage-leaves?  
(Sorra dhe day dhat iver I was born.)  
Fwhat is the r'ason dhat me ould sow'l grieves?  
(Sorra dhe day dhat I was lift forlorn.)  
Bekase wid wurk me ould back mustht be bint:  
(Wurra! the poipe's out—no more Oi'll shmoke.)  
Me Jimmy to dhe Oiland for six months is sint:  
(Wurra! Oi wish dhat Judge Duffy's head was broke.)  
W. J. H.

## JOSEPHUS'S MELODRAMA.

The soft refulgence of a single gaslight was illuminating the box-office of a theatre up-town. A young man with a placid smile and a dark-blue necktie was sitting upon a high stool, playing absent-mindedly with the pieces of a letter asking for seats which he had just torn up. Suddenly a footstep was heard in the lobby, and the young man looked up. He saw another young man with a bashful countenance and lobster-colored hair approaching.

"Why, Ptarximander," said the youth in the box-office: "is that you?"

"Yes, Josephus," answered the young man of the bluish hair: "it is I."

"Come inside and sit down."

Thus invited, Ptarximander walked into the box-office and seated himself.

"Now, then, my fertile-minded gosling," said Josephus: "what is troubling you?"

"See here, Josephus," said Ptarximander: "I'm getting tired of asking you to stop calling me names. If you don't leave off I shall get real mad."

"Well, I'll stop. Now go ahead."

"Josephus, I am going to write a play."

Josephus leaped down off his stool, and looked Ptarximander in the eyes. Then he reached for the messenger-call.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Ptarximander.

"Ring for an ambulance. I knew it—I feared it. The last spark of reason has deserted your poor head, and you are insane."

"Don't be funny," pleaded Ptarximander: "but give me some advice about writing a play."

"What kind of a play is it to be?"

"A melodrama."

"Then you have come to the right shop for advice. If there ever was a man boiling over with melodramatic notions, I am that man. You want some ideas for sensations, I suppose?"

"Yes, that's it. I've always noticed that the

ends of the acts in melodrama had to be mighty lively."

"You are right. I believe you are sane yet. Now listen to me. The first thing you want to do when you start a melodrama is to get up a high-toned, polished villain. You want to give him fine clothes and a big watch-chain, patent-leather boots, a pair of kid-gloves, and a brand-new three-dollar-and-ninety-cent silk hat. Then he must have a face that a blind man wouldn't trust in a railroad-tunnel after dark. In melodramas the villains always dress well, but look like fiends. Then you want to provide him with a victim. A beautiful gyurl, nursed in the lap of luxury and fed on caramels fresh every hour. This beautiful gyurl ought to be as rich as Henry Hilton and as proud as the editor of a Kansas newspaper. Then she must have a poor, but apparently dishonest lover, and a stuck-up old pa, who doesn't go much on the aforesaid lover. The lover ought to be a horse-car inspector or an elevator-boy—something that will make him great intellectually and *vice versa* financially. His apparent dishonesty arises from the frequent disappearance of lead-pipe from the building in which he works just about the time he goes home. The villain, who has an office in the building, gets on to this, and tells the gyurl's father that Robert—the young man—is plotting to become a plumber and ruin him. The old man naturally trembles in his boots, and goes in with the villain to put up a job on the young man. The villain then steals a little lead-pipe himself, and going by night to the young man's room on the East River shore at Williamsburgh—there's a splendid moonlight view of the city for you—sews the pipe up in the leg of the young man's dress-trousers. Then with a detective he lies in wait for the young man, and the two pounce upon him just as he is struggling to get his foot through the leg of the trousers. The accusation is made, and the young man, feeling the lead in his trousers, says:

"Great Heavens! It is fate!"

"Then they lead him away to his dungeon on one leg. In the next act we see him on the Island. The gyurl, under pretense of visiting the insane patients, comes to see him, and there's your chance for a big love-scene, ending thus:

"Jerusha, you do not—cannot believe me guilty of this foul crime?"

"No, Robert, I love you, and I believe you are guiltless." (*Throws herself upon his bosom.*)

"Then they are torn apart by ruthless minions of the law. That night Robert escapes and goes to fight the Mahdi in the Soudan. Big scene of boats ascending Nile cataracts—new sensation, never done before—and chance for daisy effects in the desert. Robert rescues from the murderous fire of the Arabs a Canadian naturalized bank-cashier, who confides to him the fact that he—the cashier—was the partner of the polished villain in the robbery of the bank in New York where they both worked. Robert buys his discharge and hastens back to New York, arriving just in time to hurl the proofs of the villain's villainy into his face at the foot of the altar, and prevent his marriage with the gyurl. The old man weakens, and, finding that Robert never stole any lead-pipe, and never was likely to become a plumber, being only a corporal, gives him his blessing, the gyurl and three millions of trade-ducats. How's that for a melodrama?"

"Josephus, I don't think I'll write a melodrama as long as you live."

W. J. HENDERSON.

A MAN STARTED, a few days ago, to kill an editor in Indiana, and people afterwards wondered why the editor gave him such a good obituary.

## Puckerings.



NO MORE the field is white,  
All the days are getting bright,  
And I run along the meadow  
For to fly my yellow kite.

I've put away my sled,  
And the skates on which I sped  
All about the glassy lakelet  
On my feet and on my head.

Now I spin my boxwood top,  
An' I play at "par" and hop,  
Skip and jump along the sidewalk,  
And I don't know when to stop.

I see-saw down and up  
On the fence, and stone the pup  
Just to scare him, and go flying  
In the airy orchard "scup."

Soon I'll rob the blue-bird's nest  
When the trees are blossom-drest,  
And the ice-man's growing haughty,  
And the plumber is depressed.

I shall fall from leafy trees  
In the daisy-dappled leas,  
And while playing games of marbles  
From my trousers wear the knees.

Then hurrah for balmy S—g,  
When the birds are on the wing,  
And the berry-speckled May-wine  
Supersedes the old g—n—s—g.

Now my heart is just as light  
As my pretty yellow kite,  
That goes mounting to the cloudlets  
Till it's almost out of sight.

I shall close my little song—  
To continue would be wrong,  
For I hear a blast of music,  
And the circus comes along.

IN THE coming summer it will be fashionable for fishermen to use United States men-of-war for sinkers.

THE UTICA *Observer* says, "Henry Watter-son is holding himself down very successfully." Let us see. Wasn't it John Phoenix who held down his adversary by inserting his nose between his teeth?

BRASS-BANDS on skates now lead the grand marches in some of the skating-rinks. This is as it should be. It will probably put an end to brass-bands or to the skating-rinks, and perhaps to both. Let the good work go on.

THE LEGISLATURE of Alabama has passed an act prohibiting State, county and municipal officers from getting drunk. After awhile the Legislature will probably pass a law against county officers going gunning for a political opponent with a shot-gun loaded full of slugs. There appears to be danger of a man being compelled to give up all his personal liberty when he accepts office in Alabama.

## TO A WELL-KNOWN WORK OF ART.



More than mortal make I know her,  
Not alone by eyes serene,  
Nor the regal brows that lower,  
Or the grand Junonian mien.

Face familiar, bland and tender,  
Loved by all for beauty's sake,  
I will tell thee what 's the splendor  
Shows thee more than mortal make.

'Tis thy hair's symmetric crinkles,  
'Tis thy sweetly vacuous gaze,  
And thy gown that never wrinkles,  
Twisted round in various ways.

Ne'er was earthly woman like thee—  
Ne'er will be, though ages wait—  
This I think when'er I strike thee,  
Beauty in the fashion-plate!

A. H. O.

## VANITAS VANITATUM.

What a disappointing life is ours! What a worm-i'-the-bud, whited-sepulchre existence! If we have a gazelle, he gets out; if we have a dear friend, he doesn't invite us to his swellest party. If we enthrone a great hero, straightway his biography is written by his hired-girl; and he is a hero no longer. If we worship a noble warrior, he goes to St. Louis, and, in trying to assume command of that sturdy hamlet, is ignominiously worsted. Such is this disappointing life where our images are broken, where our eidolons fall off the mantel and get their legs cracked; where everything in turn goes up the flume; everything, everything. That is, everything except the flume. The flume is still secure.

Sometimes I think I will give up hope and settle down for a good time. We are constantly seeing the dead form of some old belief borne before us on a shutter. Shakspeare was somebody else, probably Ann Eliza Rugg. Mr. Burchard, whom we venerated so blindly before that terrible day when we first heard of him—he has gone about to expound a fourteenth-century dream. "Man," says Ann Eliza Rugg: "is but an ass if he go about to expound his dream." Dickens was the friend of Forster, and Napoleon thought "le Cid" a great play. William Tell was expelled from a Hoboken archery club for deficiency in target-practice. In the old days, we thought a President of this country must be a statesman: we have seen Rutherford. We considered a popular novelist as a sort of demigod set apart from the ordinary, everyday plugs of mankind; and we have lived to find the barriers burned away.

But, in spite of growing skepticism, I still had faith in one man—Thackeray. I did not pose as a sarcastic interrogation-point at the end of his observations; I supinely accepted them. Heaven knows how many fallacies I have thus absorbed. At last I came to a statement which, by its glaring falsity, awakened me to my situation. When I made this dis-

covery, I felt like the chalk-faced husband of tragedy who finds that in the delicious sick-room beverages prepared for him there is a strong infusion of the baleful herb popularly known as deadly poison, and that the loving wife who presents the cup is not loving him, but the hired-man or the gentleman with the long cloak and coney goatee. Afterwards he somewhat ostentatiously tastes the potion before drinking. After this I shall thoroughly test Mr. Thackeray's remarks before storing them away in the weak side of my brain, which I have reserved for truth.

What he said is this: "The present age offers greater encouragement to literature than the past. Poor authors are no longer obliged to await in antechambers an audience with my lord, on the chance of obtaining a few paltry guineas for a fulsome dedication; now they sell their wares to the enterprising publisher in manly fashion; and they receive as much for their labor as men of equal abilities in other callings."

This is Thackeray's proposition, and with all its absurdity I should have accepted it in my old, unquestioning way; but by good luck, for so I now consider it, I was an author myself, and better yet, I was a poor author. I had written a "new" novel—scathing, powerful, scalpel, microcosm shafts of lightning wit, etc., which, in honor of my hero, Thackeray, who called one of his books after a brand of tobacco, I had named "The Marmalade Plug; or, Look for the Primrose Tag." From my corner of advantage I was prepared to see the atrocity of Thackeray's statement. We poor authors are fortunate because, instead of bartering away our self-respect for a few paltry guineas, we strike a business bargain with the publisher, and receive in manly fashion a fair reward. Because forsooth and woe worth the world, it is no such thing. The open-faced, independent deal for poor authors is about this:

The author pays for printing and half the advertising. The expense of the other half is cheerfully assumed by the publisher. As the other half is never done, of course this cheerfulness is hearty and unfeigned. Having been duly paid in advance, the manly publisher prints the book with courageous enterprise, and sells two thousand copies on the strength of the author's advertising. It is only at this late period that the monopolistic royalty of the author begins. By a marvelous but unfortunate coincidence, it is also at this juncture that the nineteenth-century publisher and fosterer of talent quits selling the book, and scans the horizon for another deserving genius with another seven hundred dollars. Would not the poor author then be charmed to find a man who wished to exchange fulsome guineas for a paltry dedication? Would he not be glad to

wait for him even in antechambers? He would be simply delighted. But, alas! there is no such man. No, not much; I have been looking for him.

In this golden age of literature we poor authors fulsomely dedicate our books to our affectionate Uncle Henry, or to our life-long friend J. T. Wiggins; and they pay us not in the abasing guinea, but in deep reverence and respect. They say in the family circle, "Jim's been writing another book," and the only live interest they show is manifested when they sneak around to see people read the inscription.

According to Thackeray, poor authors should receive as much as men of like abilities in other professions; but some day our Uncle Henry and our life-long friend J. T. W., by a double play of stupidity, get on the right side of the market with a million sets of pigs' feet, clear up thirty thousand dollars, and afterwards look down upon poor authors from a height which the insufferable lordlings could never have imagined. They lend their patronage to no books, except those in gorgeous binding, using, in their choice of a library, the same form of taste which they bring to bear in choosing what they consider an equal necessity—a "hand-painted" cuspidor for the drawing-room.

All this shows the great Thackeray's fallibility. Whatever may have been his domestic virtues, he was certainly not in any practical sense a man of letters. In sober truth, ordinary authors are not paid as well as ordinary men in other professions. And this is simple justice. Ordinary authors should be punished, not rewarded; and other ordinary men should receive some discriminating acknowledgement of the good taste which prompts them to confine obnoxious mediocrity to the private circle.

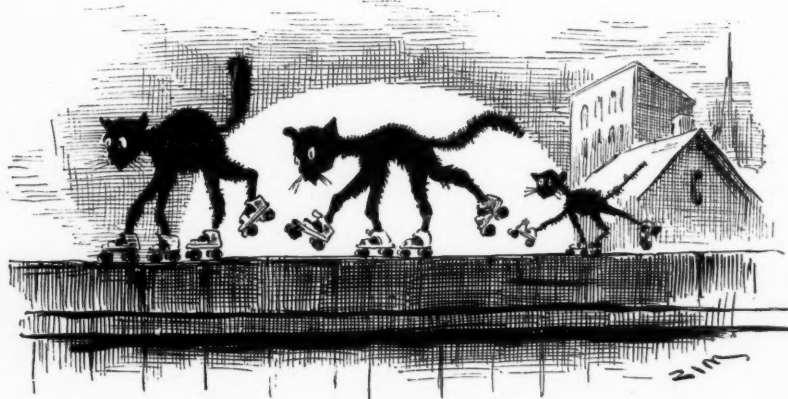
FUSH.

"A COW, PROPERLY labeled, was among the bridal presents received at a wedding in Sullivan County." The bride was a milkman's daughter, and the cow was probably labeled as a means of identification.

THE TENPENNY-NAIL falleth in the highway and maketh a loud noise, and is known among men; but the carpet-tack standeth upon his head in the silent spaces of the night, and getteth in his fine work upon the soles of the just and the unjust. Selah!

A WRITER SAYS he has counted fifteen thousand cells in a single hornets' nest. This will indicate how pain stimulates a man's imagination. The last time we counted the cells in a hornets' nest we thought there were over a million of them, and that they were all loaded.

## WE KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS.



THE ROLLER CRAZE IS BREAKING OUT IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.



International Distinctions.—No. I.



The Fair American has a Spool of Thread Delivered at Her Residence.

A MODEL COOKERY-BOOK.

We have received from Harper's a new work on culinary science to which we would call our readers' attention. It is entitled "One Thousand Good Recipes," and is handsomely bound in pale pink—just the color to show off a nice grease-spot. The author's name is not disclosed. We are sorry, because we want to know that author. We want to look at him or her just once. The mere sight would deprive a man of the fear of death. But for the book.

Here is a specimen of its profound lore:

To determine the freshness of meats you buy of your butchers, smell them.

Suppose the butcher won't be smelt, what are you going to do about it? Again the sapient author says:

Never buy meats in the evening.

What's a fellow to do, then, after 5 P. M.? Beg, borrow or steal from his tradesmen? The rule may be good, economically; but it is awful bad ethics.

Another piece of advice which should be stuffed and put in a glass-case is:

Don't let matches fall into your cooking-utensils. They give an unpleasant flavor.

We have never before heard nor known that matches were so employed. The statement opens our eyes. The bad soup Brown gave us last week was due to sulphur; the stew at the Harvard dinner owed its peculiar flavor to phosphorous or chloric acid. There is also a remarkable originality in the statement that matches "give an unpleasant flavor." We thought hitherto that they produced gastritis, enteritis, peritonitis and that other "itis" vulgar folks call death. But either we were wrong, or else we did not know the entire truth. They give an unpleasant flavor. There is a mild suspicion of Mr. Henry Bergh about the injunction:

Keep croton-bugs and ants carefully away from the sugar and spice-boxes.

There is no mention, it will be seen, of the bread-tin, the ice-

box and the pantry. Here, presumably, the festive insect may disport to his heart's content. There are, of course, a hundred recipes based upon the famous New England rule for making bread.

Take a few handfuls of flour, add some milk and a little more water, put in some salt, a little sugar, a chunk of butter, and a quantity of yeast. Let it stand, knead it, let it rise, and bake it till done.

Upon this mathematical formula, New England made bread until the whole population, native and foreign, rose up and deserted the staff of life for pie.

Our author has perhaps sinister designs upon the articles named. We heartily commend the book to our readers. W. E. S. F.

Carefully around his top  
The urchin winds the string;  
He sees the fast approaching "cop,"  
But wants just one more sling;  
He lets it go with might and main—  
It is his farewell shoot,  
For through a basement window-pane  
The top doth gaily scoot.

THEY SAY that ex-Senator William Sharon is engaged to be married to a Boston girl. It is wicked to kick a man when he is down.

International Distinctions.—No. II.



The Daughter of Sunny Italy Does Her Own "Parcels-Delivery" Business.

OYSTERS AND HAIR-OIL.

A WRITER SAYS: "Humorists are born like other men and die like other men." The first part of this is a fact, and the last has a good deal of truth in it, for we have known a number of instances where men who were not humorists starved to death.

A NURSERY-MAN says that the best kind of dogwood is the red flowering. Our experience is that a clothes-pole is the best, because it is light enough to handle easily, and long enough to enable you to hit the dog at almost any range.

"HOW CAN I always win money at poker?" writes an anxious subscriber to a Western editor.

"How do I know?" replied the journalist: "If I could do that, do you suppose I'd be fool enough to edit a newspaper?"

THROUGH FEAR of death, many Japanese parents give their children names which belong to the other sex. It is the mistake of her life-time that Dr. Mary Walker was not born in Japan.

A YOUNG WOMAN recently fell dead in a Winchester, Va., rink from heart-disease. Most cases of heart-disease contracted in rinks result in elopements rather than death.

It is said that Mark Lemon could remember every joke that had been in *Punch* for twenty-four years. It couldn't have taxed his brains much.

"STRAWBERRIES ARE NOW to be had in increased quantities," says a market report. We are willing to bet that the quantity is not increased in any one box.

"NEVER EAT a very hearty supper" says a writer. In order to avoid temptation, board at a fashionable boarding-house.

THE LITTLE that man wants here below and wants long must be the straw in a mint-julep.

DECADENCE OF THE BANG.



WHILE away and back to day  
From woody wilds that northward lay,  
I'm puzzled quite and want some light  
Upon the dear girls' latest flight.

For Maud and May, who yesterday  
Peeped out from 'neath a blond array,  
And Belle and Pet, whose thatch of jet  
Are matched in my vest-pocket yet;

And Madam, e'en, who smiled serene  
In frontispiece of grayish green,  
Have cast aside their hirsute pride,  
And show their foreheads high or wide,

Eschew cork-screws and 'Montagues,'  
And hand-line no longer use,

Nor 'Saratogas,' long in vogue as  
Fascinators, real or bogus.

For 'pompadour,' the great furore,  
Takes maids and matrons by the score,  
And in a trice 'tis 'rats and mice,'  
And tragacanth descends in price.

For bulging brows without a frowze  
Are all the latest craze allows,  
And o'er a roll locks blond or coal  
Are coaxed to take a backward stroll.

With no disguise above the eyes,  
Where wit supposititious lies,  
A difference we may plainly see  
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

Not scalp-close clips nor shaven lips,  
Nor six nights' siege with poker-chips,  
Can alter so the youthful beau  
As these dear maids I used to know.

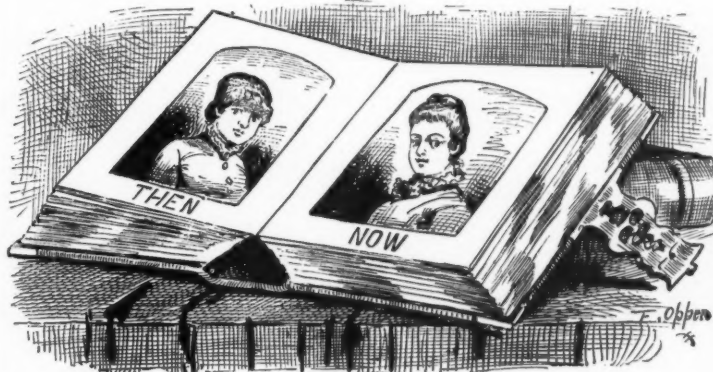
I pass, alas! my best girl by,  
Nor note the lightning in her eye;  
My sister, too, I hardly knew  
With so much intellect in view.

Yet, 'tis n't bad, this latest fad  
To which the sirens seem run mad.  
When girls commence to 'show their sense,'  
There's much to pay in consequence.

Eyes blue or jet can ne'er coquet  
So cruelly—can they, my pet?  
Ne'er bid us fair, then mock despair,  
As underneath a bang of hair.

So men will smile, indulgent, while  
The fair apostle of the style  
Now takes the road with some such code  
As—"brains in ambush not *la mode*."

C. J. BARTLETT.



## SOMERBY'S SUCCESS.



I never lag behind in my pursuit of the nimble and elusive dollar but I think of Silas Somerby, and straightway push on refreshed. In the hope that it may encourage some fellow-toiler, I will briefly set down the story of his great success.

He began his business life in the employ of his father, in whose establishment he still remains, universally looked up to and honored by all whose position in the house is

inferior to his own. It was arranged, in the beginning, that he was to live at home, and that he was to receive a salary of ten dollars a week, half of which was to be deducted in payment of his board. His father designed thus not only to give his only son a good start, but to inculcate at the very outset sound principles of economy, and to accustom his offspring to the now almost obsolete practice of laying aside a certain fixed percentage of his income to meet living expenses.

The son repaid the father's kindness with earnest effort, and at the end of six months he was one day summoned into his progenitor's private office, and thus addressed:

"Silas, I have observed with great pleasure your diligent attention to business, and have decided to raise your salary in practical recognition of your increased value. After to-day you will draw fifteen dollars a week instead of ten, as heretofore. And, by-the-way," the father added, as Silas turned to go: "as your living will now be, naturally, upon an increased scale of expenditure more in keeping with your augmented income, I shall hereafter deduct ten dollars a week instead of five for your board."

Filled with a gratitude too deep for expression, Silas left the paternal presence resolved to deserve his kindness or perish. He redoubled his efforts, and in six short months more he again stood, one day, by particular request, before his father, who said, with a broad smile of satisfaction draped about his benevolent countenance:

"My boy, you are exceeding my fondest anticipations. Such endeavor as yours shall not go unrewarded. I have decided to raise your salary for the second time. Twenty-five dollars is the figure of the future, and may God bless you."

Here the old man paused; and in a voice trembling with genuine emotion Silas stammered forth his thanks. As he was leaving the room, his father added, without raising his head from some papers over which he was busied:

"Oh, Silas, one thing more. I was about to add that this change in your circumstances will make a great difference in your mode of life. You will increase, and justly, too, your living expenses. You will eat more, drink more, sleep more, in fact, lead a broader and fuller life in every respect. I shall, therefore, charge you twenty dollars a week for board after this date. Good-morning."

In the next six months Silas surpassed himself, and boomed things to a perfectly phenomenal extent. He was not, consequently, wholly taken by surprise when he found on his desk one morning a note in his father's familiar hand. Hastily tearing open the envelope with hands trembling with pleasurable anticipation, he read as follows:

*My Dear Son:—I cannot express to you my deep satisfaction in your wonderful progress, nor shall I try. Words are cheap, but cash is, in such cases, the most accomplished conversationalist. Continue your efforts at double your present salary. Inclosed please find ck. for this week.*

*Your affectionate*

*Father.*

The inclosure bore in the lower right-hand corner the flowing signature of the senior Somerby, and in the upper left the symbol \$, followed by the figure 5. In an ecstasy of gratitude Silas pressed the letter to his lips. As he did so he observed the legend "Turn over"

obscurely placed in the lower corner, and following instructions he read as follows:

*P. S.—Your pecuniary circumstances are now such that you will no longer feel the need of economizing. A variety of mild extravagances, hitherto made inaccessible by limitations of income, are now within your grasp. You will feel like branching out in many directions. Men in your circumstances smoke fifteen-cent cigars, and drink wine—upon occasions. Their board sometimes costs them as high as forty-five dollars a week. Yours will cost you precisely that amount.*

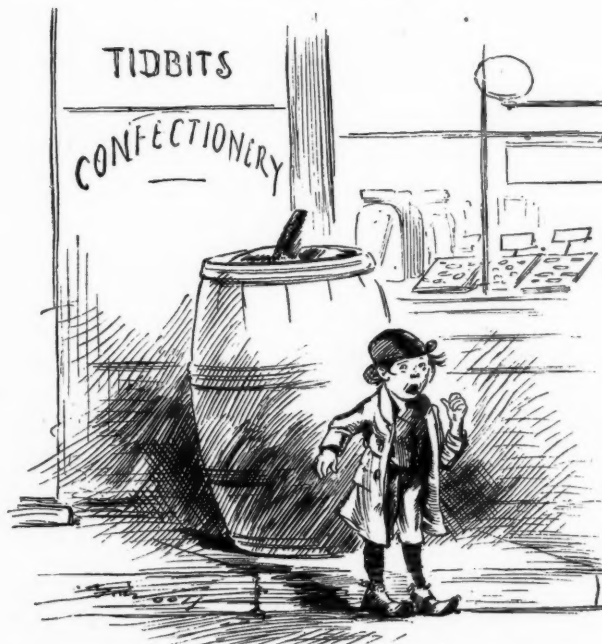
Stimulated by these practical proofs of parental pride, Silas fairly humped himself, so to speak, during the next year, and, despite the distracting influence of a large income, attended more strictly than ever to business. One day toward the end of the year he received a summons from his father, whom he found standing before the fire in his private office. Judge of his surprise when the good old man, laying his hand affectionately upon his son's shoulder, said:

"Silas, my boy, you have been doing nobly. I have long intended to more substantially reward your efforts than by mere words of praise, and I have decided to let that reward come in the form of a raise of salary. I am aware that a salary of one hundred dollars a week will place you in society to which your poor old father can hardly aspire. It will be your proud privilege to give suppers to the ballet, and to assist in booming the hack and liquor interests of this great metropolis. I, alas! on account of deficiencies of early training and education, and lack of funds, cannot tread these flowery paths with you; but the father is content to live again in the son, and to enjoy his triumphs in a back seat. I can scarcely hope," he continued, his voice trembling slightly, and a big tear rolling down his cheek: "to keep you at home with us any longer. Your new life will be at variance with our simple ways. You will, no doubt, feel like going to one of the principal hotels, and, perhaps, pay as much as ninety-five dollars a week for board. We cannot compete at home with the crockery-ware and silver they will give you there to eat, nor with the manifold discomforts of the place; but, my boy, we can give you good wholesome food, plainly served, and a hearty welcome, at the same price, and, by Heaven, we will!"

And they did. And Somerby still has a place at their fireside, despite his altered circumstances. Happy in their son's success, the old folks never murmur, but put up with his late hours and altered way of life with a self-denying patience that is rare, indeed.

F. E. CHASE.

## A RICH FIND.



"Hi, Tommy, run home an' fetch Tilly an' the baby; these ashes is chuck full er ice-cream!"



## MILLY'S BABY.

I sometimes blush—because I am a bachelor—and upon this occasion I blush to the roots of my hair.

It is all on account of Jacob Moolner Skinner.

"Skinny" and I were boys together, and we lived next door. So did sweet little Milly Sniffles, and Milly and Skinny and I played at keeping house. But it was I who oftenest patted Milly's pink cheeks; and one day, when the birds sang the joyous melody of love and Skinny played at the further end of the lot, I asked Milly if she'd be my little wife. She answered:

"Yes, if you will be my husband."

The birds sang sweeter, the sun shone brighter, and Milly's little dot of a pink nose grew pinker, and Skinny—his grief was too deep for tears. We both felt sorry for Skinny, and spoke to him very gently. All that day we called him "Jakey" instead of "Skinny." But he wandered about the yard, refusing comfort, speaking no words, only flinging stones in a listless way at the swallows. The next day Skinny did not offer me a bite of his big apple; but he did Milly, and Milly opened her mouth so wide that not only the big apple, but her little pink nose, too, seemed in danger of disappearing within.

But when Milly attempted to share the big-bite with me, Skinny snatched it and threw it upon the ground. I indignantly deny even now that it was the loss of the bite that fired my soul; it was the rudeness to Milly. But when I doubled up my fists and dared Skinny to touch me, Milly began to cry. I stopped to wipe Milly's eyes as accustomed, and Skinny scrambled over the fence into his own yard; there he made faces at me between the palings, and dared me to come out in the street for mortal combat.

Ah, me! we outgrew our play-house—the great ocean caught me up in its tempestuous arms, and a whirling eddy bore me far, far away. Sweet little Milly Sniffles married Jacob Moolner Skinner. But here the poetic parallel ceases, for I cannot even imagine I was ever shipwrecked upon a tropic isle—the side of the world I drifted to is too cold for that—and if I ever put on a long-haired wig, and peeped through the window of Skinny's happy villa, and then crept away and died in the village-tavern, I do not know it.

But Jacob Moolner Skinner is responsible for this blush.

He writes me to name his baby. And he writes as though I knew all about it, which I don't, or at least not so much, perhaps, as I do about the cut-rate wars on the moon and the infancy of the great-great-grandmother of Toa II., Queen of Quito. And he wholly neglects the trifling matter of sex.

He thinks, I suppose, that I don't know that babies soon get over their baldness, and then part their hair—same as other people do—in the middle or on the side, as the case may be. I may have labored under a bachelor delusion; still, I confess I have always thought that this point was somehow determined—that it was settled beyond the shadow of doubt before the name could be thought of. Upon reflection, however, I think it safest to not be too certain, and I therefore make reply in the noncommittal way that my diplomatic relation to the subject suggests:

*My dear Jakey:*—If I were a father or mother I should name it—well, I shouldn't name it a long name—I think I should name it—a short name. I should name it—well, something like—confound you! if you've found out whether it's a boy or a girl, why didn't you say so? But as I sit here before my cheerful fire, dreaming over your letter, old fellow, it seems like a voice from the far-away meadows. And I see an

## FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyoarkmartchtherteywon

dear puck

i cend you this weke a car Toon four the forth chaptor Off my novvle all so the forth chapter

jiant jim the hi Toand  
tranerecker off the cierrerr nevadas  
chap for\*

wot caire i cride jiant jim with A deafient  
smile Four youer prowld pear off ingland i am  
miself The eaquel of enney nobelman in the  
werld

but continnude The oled man  
but me no butts ced jim stirnley she shal be  
mine

it can nott bee replide the pairent  
but it shal be ced jim resslutely an cezin  
the strainger he tide him two won hoarse an  
rasin the luvley madden in his Arms he sprung  
on too his Owen charjer an The cavlecaid  
prossceeded On its weigh

to be continnude in ouer necst

youers til then

freddy

p s cen bac my slaight to gett sum moar

noats

\* this is A shoart chaptor butt This is ritten  
for aperel fools daigh

old low, flat-roofed wood-shed, and three children seated upon it, where the shade of a sweet-smelling locust-tree lies cool and deep. The children loved to come there to watch the panorama of fleecy pictures in the clouds, and the fixed, dark and wilder ones of the woods beyond where the tree-tops touched the sky. Yes, I think I should name it—if it were my little boy-baby, I should name it Jakey. Or, if it were a little girl-baby—I should name it Milly.

B. ZIM.

It is estimated that the jokes paragraphers have on hand, ready to spring at the first approach of the shad, correspond exactly in number to the bones of that deep sea fruit.

HENRY BERGH is solicitous regarding the fate of the dog which John Traynor took with him in his voyage across the ocean in a row-boat. It is believed the boat has been lost. The dog is said to have been quite valuable.

THERE is one pleasant thing among the multitude of unpleasant things we continually read about. Thomas Flunk, of Missouri, who has let his beard grow since 1860, refusing to have it shaved until a Democratic President was inaugurated, visited a barber-shop the day after the inauguration. When he was relieved of his hirsute adornment and went home, he presented so homely a visage that his children hid from him, his dog bit him, and his wife has sued for a divorce. To end it all, the sudden exposure of his face to the weather gave him pneumonia, from which he died last week.

## THE TRAGEDY OF THE SEASONS.

Spring, with Winter on her lap,  
Thought to make a fool of him,  
Deeming his untimely nap  
Too intensely cool of him.

Deftly, with her pruning-blade,  
Sharp as any cimeter,  
Severed she the locks that strayed  
Round his crown's perimeter.

Winter, marking this mishap,  
Did not rave dementedly,  
But in Spring's unwilling lap  
Nestled more contentedly.

"My employment 's gone," he said:  
"Till old Boreas blows again.  
You can sit and hold my head,  
While my top-knot grows again."

Summer died of cold, and Fall  
Had no leaves to shed for him.  
Sulky Spring sat through it all,  
Holding Winter's head for him!

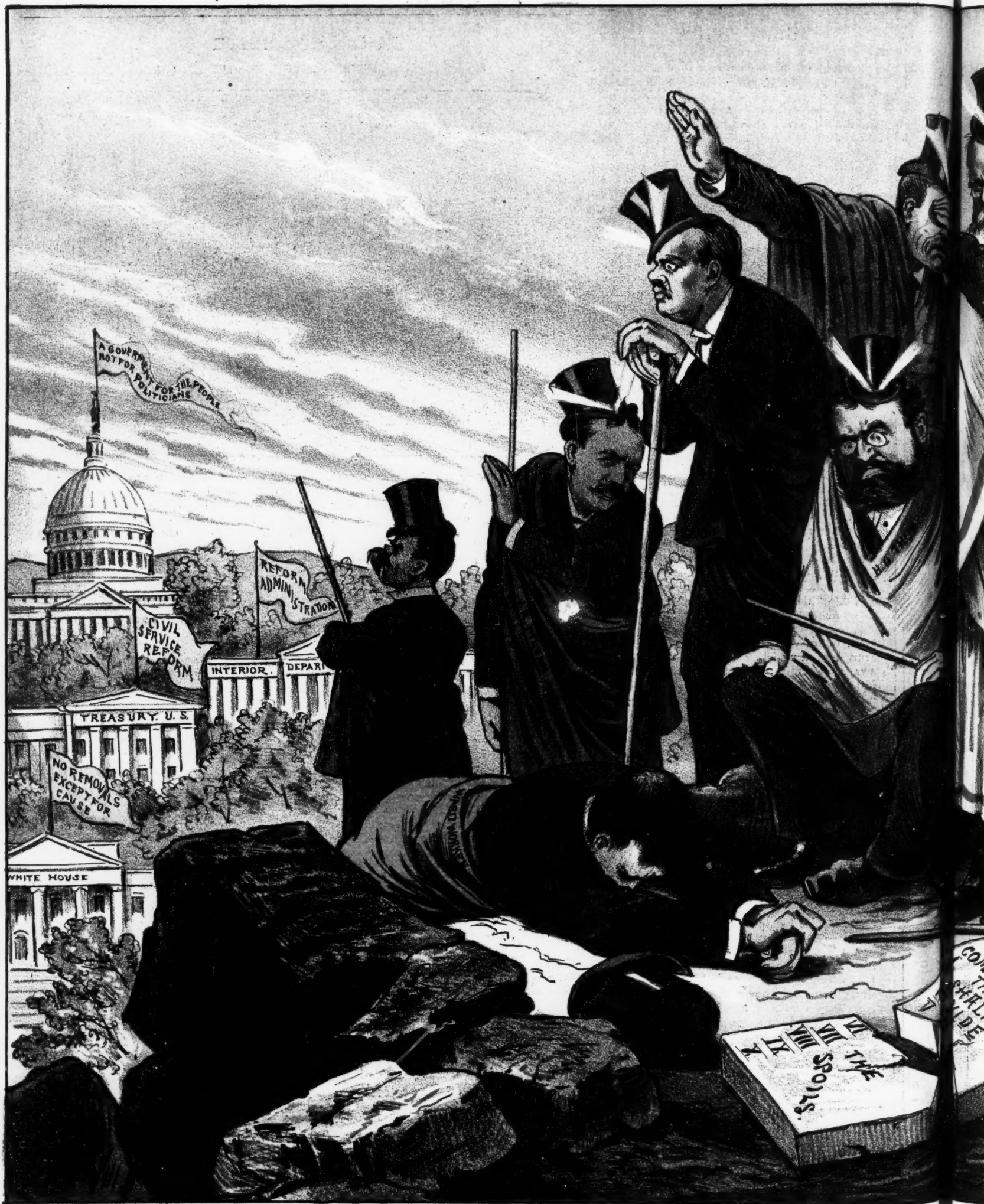
R. W. CLARKE.

## Answers for the Avarious.

A. GOTE.—If Artemus Ward had never been born you might have been original. But you could never have been funny.

R. WILDERSON.—It is good; but it doesn't shine in the heaven of literature with a lustre bright enough to dim the painful fact that it is old and weary, considered as a merry jest.

MIRANDA.—Yes, dear, the fair, bright young Spring has come; but that is no justification whatever for your poem. If you let the Spring alone, young woman, the Spring will let you alone



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

BARRED OUT FROM THE P  
DISAPPOINTED DEMOCRATIC MOSES.—"With Go





FROM PROMISED LAND.  
ES.—“What’s Going Through so Much to Get so Little?”

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 21-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

## LUNGS AND LEGISLATORS.

It is beautiful to gaze upon the freshening loveliness of the spring; but it is still more beautiful, to those who have a taste for that sort of beauty, to gaze upon the conscientious legislator when he gets a virtuous fit upon him and refuses to waste the public money in riotous breathing-places.

A noble animal, indeed, is the intermittently concientious legislator—the public man of any kind who is stricken with sudden and unexpected spasms of economy for the public good. The diagnosis of his disease is simple. His trouble is always due to a lack of Mike-and-Barneyism in the measure under consideration. It is a disease that he bears with patriotic fortitude. Although he is accustomed to making a free use of the people's money, and although the habits of a life-time are not readily overcome, he checks his liberal inclinations with a firm hand, and steadily refuses to permit the expenditure of a cent.

It is indeed a spectacle of Spartan virtue, the more interesting that it is but rarely to be enjoyed. The public should certainly forget any trifling disappointment it may feel at not getting the park it has asked for, in contemplating the lofty nobility of its rulers. It may be a pleasant and wholesome thing to have a park; but how much better is it to have rulers who can submit with graceful fortitude to a severe attack of disinterested economy!

Our rulers here in New York have been suffering severely in this way of late. Their grand struggles to keep themselves from spending their constituents' money on the proposed public reservation at Niagara Falls have been greatly appreciated in the most cultivated circles of hack-drivers and hotel-keepers.

And the agonies of heroism have spread to

other legislators, a noble few of whom are crushing down in their bold bosoms an almost irresistible inclination to provide this crowded city with new parks.

They know we want the new parks. We have told them so. We have shown them our crowded streets, our reeking tenement-houses, the gutters which serve as play-grounds for the children of our poor. They know well our needs and our sufferings. Some of them were poor men themselves—before they went into politics. But they rise high above the temptation to yield to such poor considerations. Anguished as they are, they will battle to the last against any attempt to waste the public money.

Let us not give way to our unchastened impulses and curse them. Let us respect their pains. The fatal disease of economy has taken an unwonted hold upon their strong constitutions. Let us look with profound respect upon the angelic sweetness with which they force themselves to be economical of our money, and yet live.

It is not often so. We may but infrequently cast admiring eyes upon such a spectacle. At the least, it is worth the price of admission. Perhaps it is even better than having the parks.

THE BOARD OF OVERSEERS of Harvard College have refused to sanction the vote of the faculty that the quinquennial catalogue be written in English instead of Latin. This will have the effect of preventing college graduates from ever reading their own catalogue. Which looks to us like a hardship.

It is stated that Lionel Sackville West has large, sad blue eyes, and always looks weary. He is probably tired carrying his name around.

## THE SEASON OF GUMS.

(AFTER HOOD.)

Hail, Spring, thou gentle Spring!  
(I feel a draft coming through this floor.)  
The birds their songs of welcome sing;  
(I told you once to shut that door!)  
All Nature hails thee with delight,  
And seems to smile that thou art here;  
The brightest things grow still more bright.  
(Who'd think 't would snow this time of year?)

I bid thee welcome once again,  
When thee I greet I bless the day;  
Cold Winter now will not remain,  
But in thy presence fade away;  
The trees all bloom on the hillside nigh,  
The grass grows greener on yonder knoll.  
(I wish you'd go down town by-and-by  
And order a ton of coal.)

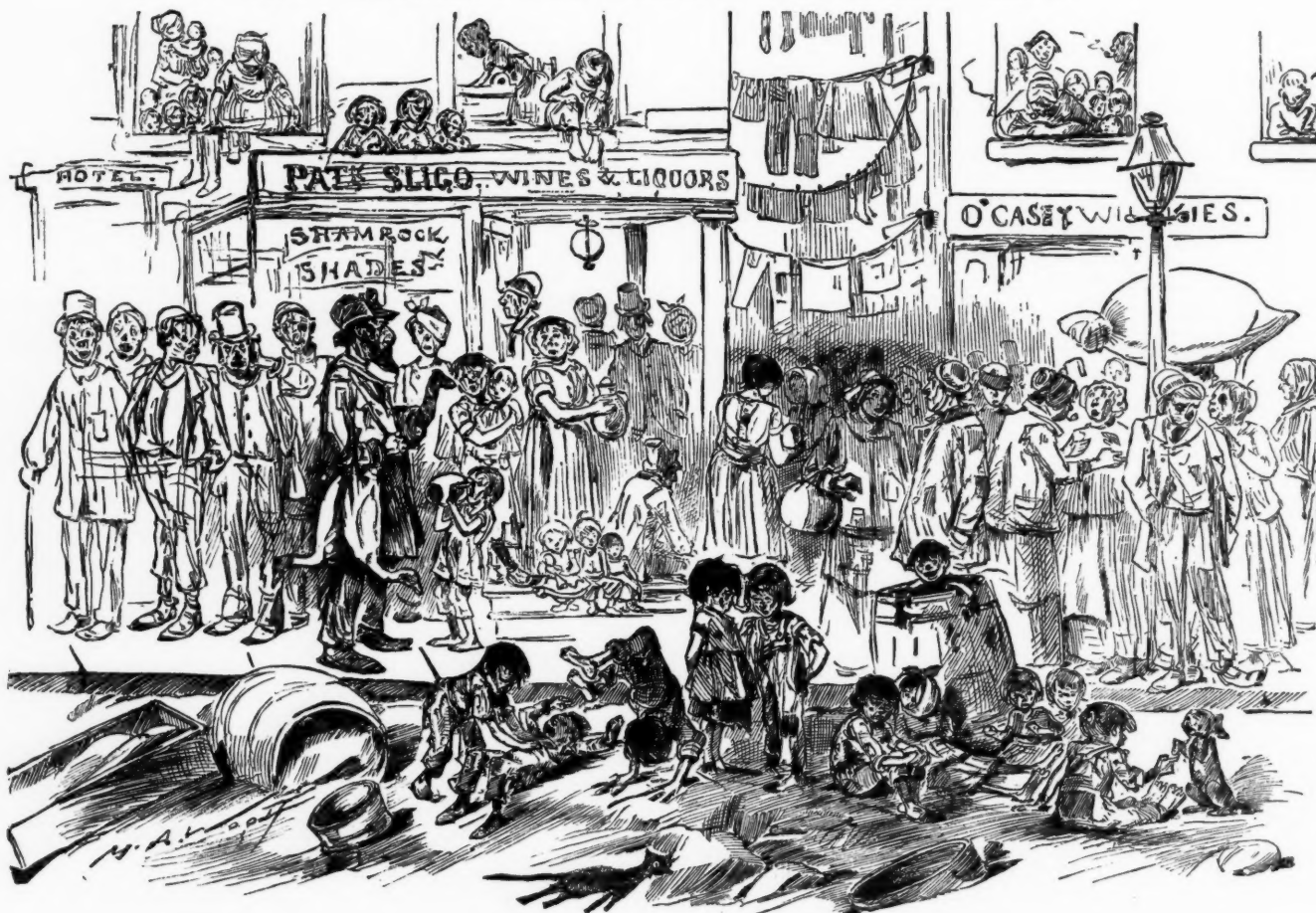
Come with the fragrance of new-mown hay;  
The bright green leaves we know you'll bring,  
And the birds will carol a roundelay  
To usher in the new-born Spring.  
How pleasant to feel Spring's balmy breath,  
And its many beauties to admire!  
(Do you want me to sit here and freeze to death?

Why don't you go and shake down the fire?)  
We know that thou wilt bring us joy;  
The heliotrope and mignonette,  
Roses and lilies—(confound that boy!  
Has he not brought that cough-syrup yet?)  
Come with the bright and sparkling dews,  
And the sunbeams that make the violets sprout.

(And bring me my ulster and overshoes—  
It is freezing hard, and I'm going out.)

C. J. NEWELL.

## THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—No. XXIV.



THE HOMES OF THE MICROBES.



## ANOTHER DYNAMITE OUTRAGE.

*A Tale of a Truant in Three Chapters.*

PREPARATION.



IN WAITING WITH A SLIPPER.



CONCLUSION.

## IMPROVED ADVERTISING.

We have frequently pointed out to the public various improvements in the practice of advertising. Advertisements are to be read; whatever makes them read is consequently of the highest good to the advertiser. Every reader peruses telegraphic news-items. A shrewd merchant should, therefore, devise telegraphic news-advertisements. Here are a few samples:

## A JUDGE ASSASSINATED.

ATHENS, March 31st.—Judge Goode was nearly assassinated by a crank yesterday in the court-room. The latter fired at him twice, but fortunately missed his mark. He was promptly arrested and put in a cell. When asked his motives, he replied that he couldn't help himself; that by mistake he had drunk three bottles of poisonous adulterated wine instead of Wine of the Steerage, which was his regular beverage.

## A FIFTH AVENUE DIVORCE IN CONNECTICUT.

BRIDGEPORT, March 31st.—Hosea Perkins, a New York millionaire, has brought suit for absolute divorce against his wife Isabella, under the statute which allows the Vice-Chancellor to grant a decree "for any cause that to him may seem fit." Public sympathy is entirely against the husband, as among the acts of cruelty alleged in the bill is one that she habitually used Kartshorn's Patent Automatic Shade-rollers, which are universally known to be the best in the world.

## A NEW MINISTER TO THE VATICAN.

WASHINGTON, March 31st.—Secretary Bayard said this morning that the President would probably appoint Mr. Chas. Piggins, of New York, the Minister to Rome. The President hopes by this action to diminish the frightful mortality in Rome and Naples, as Piggins's Irish Soap is the only article which will clean an average Italian.

W. E. S. F.

TWENTY YOUNG men of Philadelphia have started a club for the purpose of studying and writing poetry. After the club has grown sufficiently large, it might be made useful in brain-ning the members.

ON EXHIBITION at Vallejo, Cal., is a goose-egg weighing ten ounces. If the egg is the product of one goose it is undoubtedly a great curiosity; but we suspect it is only the work of a newspaper liar.

FAUST.—"Tarde si fa—tarde si fa—"

MARGUERITE.—"That's all right, Fausty. Fa may be very tardy, but Pa isn't. Here he comes with a double-barreled duck-gun. (*Exit Faust con spirito.*)"

"YELLOW is a fashionable color in flowers

this year," according to a fashion-writer. We shall probably hear soon of violets bleaching themselves, and roses taking arsenic for their complexion.

SOME ONE has been telling the public concerning "the injury a man receives by standing on his hands," but neglects to apply any remedy for the man who holds a pot-flush or full hand.

LEBLANC, the inventor of artificial soda-water, is to be honored with a monumental statue in Paris. We presume the movement will end in a fizzle. They usually do.

## A RIME OF SIMPLICITY AND SORROW.



Deacon Berry had a wrinkled concertina,  
Which he used to sit and deftly agitate,  
Pulling out that sad and sweet old song, 'Lorena,'  
In a way that brought a crowd about his gate.

But 'twas known from Aroostook to Carthage  
That the Deacon's instrument was out of tune,  
So he sent it, by his pretty daughter Lena,  
Down to be repaired by Jedediah Koon.

Had the good old Deacon paused, he might have seen a  
Safer way to send his music-box, I think;  
It deserved, in truth and honesty, I ween, a  
Better rest than in a roller-skating rink!

For the maid—a sweet and charming young verben—  
Took it there and set it down in joyous mood,  
While she skated out upon the floor to lean a  
Pair of pretty hands upon her favorite dude.

Soon a girl came sprawling out of the arena,  
And she planted both her feet—good sooth! alack!—  
In the stomach of the Deacon's concertina  
Till it groaned, and burst the wrinkles in its back!

Now—no more the Deacon plies the concertina  
Which he used to sit and deftly agitate,  
For he gave it, as a sort of philopœna  
Gift, to her who on its stomach tried to skate.



E. W.

## THE BOY TRAGEDIAN.

*An Episode Between Christmas and All-Fools' Day.*

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was the silvery laugh of little William Goldbright, errand-boy in the great City Firm of Grubstakes & Co., Railroad Bakers and Iron Moulders to the Queen.

The engines made by Grubstakes & Co. bel-  
lowed and screamed in every factory, their  
anchors grappled the rocks of every harbor,  
their pies frowned from every lunch-counter in  
the realm. But rumor said that neither iron nor  
pie was harder than the heart of Grubstakes.

(Two pages showing up Old Grub; asking  
when he did a kind deed.)

(Two pages of fog driving in from the sea.)  
Down by the river the fog gathers on the  
windows of a dreary building, and, peeping in,  
becomes frost, as if it had seen a chilling sight;  
it collects itself on the discolored bricks and  
turns to sooty tears, which, dripping down the  
walls, creep over the once gilt letters of the  
long sign, Grubstakes & Co., and cover them  
with mould and rust and blackness.

Inside, an army of pale book-keepers. A  
slight steam, arising from each ledger-laden  
desk, might give one the fancy that the pale  
book-keepers are cooking their accounts; but  
the steam is only the pale book-keepers' con-  
gealing breath.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Again the errand-boy laughed. The glass  
door of the inner office opened and Grubstakes  
came forth.

"Who was that?" he roared: "Peachblow,  
who was it, sir?"

"It was I," said William Goldbright, ad-  
vancing.

"What were you doing?"

"Laughing, sir."

"Laugh—ing! Peachblow, is the room too  
hot? Can it be the boy is warm in spite of me?"  
"Not warm, I think," answered the head  
book-keeper, sadly. "the boy has already  
frozen stiff twice to-day."

"Then, boy," growled Grubstakes: "why  
did you laugh? Speak or leave my service."

"Sir," began William: "I laughed from a  
full heart."

"You did!" sneered Grubstakes: "What  
filled your heart, as you call it?"

"A week ago, sir, my mother and I discov-  
ered a young girl, almost dying from starvation.  
She was scarcely nine years of age, sir, and her  
sufferings would have touched a harder heart

than mine. Oh, sir, it was pitiful; and now, to-day, when by our aid she is well and strong, I could not forbear to express my joy."

"Is that all you laughed at?"

"No, sir, it is not; but I would not willingly parade my bounty before you who so scorn every generous impulse of the human heart; every—"

"Speak, sir!"

"To-day I am to procure for that girl a little gift. It is to be a surprise from my mother and myself—a pair of roller-skates—and, oh, sir, if you could be there to see the glad look—"

"Is *that* the whole cause of your ill-timed levity?" snarled Grubstakes, moved in spite of himself.

"No, sir; it is not. I am not a man yet, but I love that homeless girl; and even now I look ahead to the day when I can say, 'Lucille!'"

"Lucille?"

"Yes, sir," replied William, nobly: "if the name of that dear girl must be breathed in this office, where no kind word, no gentle thought, no—"

"Hold!" cried Grubstakes: "Is her mother's name, also, Lucille?"

"It is, sir; and if you could but see—"

"Hold!" cried Grubstakes again: "Is the girl's father living?"

"Alas! sir, he is not. Wishing to again surround his wife with the luxuries of which her cruel father had deprived her on their wedding-day, he joined the army with the secret design of becoming a second lieutenant. But he was never quick of foot, sir, and in one of the hard-fought battles of the war, when he was striving to reach some of the back counties for reinforcements, he was overtaken by a sprint-runner of the enemy and ruthlessly cut down. Mother and daughter are now alone; and to see their mutual sympathy—"

"Hold!" cried Grubstakes, with a sob: "do you know nothing further of this woman and child?"

"I do, sir. That kind lady is your daughter; that innocent child is your grand-daughter; but, although deserted by you, they are still my friends, and I tell you here, sir, that if your vindictiveness, unappeased after all these years, still seeks to persecute its unhappy victims—"

"Hold!" cried Grubstakes: "Hold! Say no more. I admit my wrong, and I would atone for it. There is a new visitor in my heart, and I know not how to receive it. Counsel me, my friends, what I shall do. Having been a hard man, would it now be proper for me to send for my carriage, drive to my daughter's house, climb the creaking stair, knock gently at the door, seize the lady in my arms, kiss my grandchild and cry, 'Never shall you leave me more?'"

"It would," said the book-keepers.

"Would I, probably, shed tears?"

"You would."

"Then what?" asked the stricken man.

"From that moment you begin a new life. You double our wages, find out our secret wants, (which your frank kindness will then easily win from us)—"

"But," cried Grubstakes, in agony: "can I ever atone for the Past? I have been a hard man, have I not?"

"You have."

"I have brow-beaten and ill-paid you?"

"You have."

"I have coined your blood into gold, and those of you who were exhausted I have cast pitilessly aside?"

"You have."

"I fear it is true," groaned Grubstakes: "but, as your honest faces are my witnesses, I will try to change. Only help me. Come, Peachblow, book-keepers all, come, let me take your hands. Say you forgive me."

## THE PROFESSOR IS ENCOURAGING.



"Yah, dot girl of yours makes kroat brogess bei her moosic. Always before she vos two oder dree notes behind me, un' now is she always two oder dree notes aheth."

"We forgive you."

"Say, my faithful friends, that, crabbed, heartless, uncongenial as I am, I may sometimes sit by your firesides and learn the secret of true happiness."

"You may."

"And there is another thing"—the old man's voice was breaking—"you will not mistrust me now: say that if it agrees with a certain plan I have made, you will allow me to deduct half of the last two months' salaries. Take time, my friends. Can you afford it?"

"We can."

"And can you still live? Think of the prattling babes and be frank."

"We can live happily, sir. Where there are blithe hearts—"

"Then, Peachblow, make out the checks. Ah, this is, indeed, a new life. This—"

(Two pages of this.)

Meanwhile the receipts were signed in full.

"HA, HA, HA!"

It was the silvery laugh of little William Gold-bright, errand-boy in the great City Firm of Grubstakes & Co., Railroad Bakers and Iron Moulders to the Queen.

"What are you laughing at, my child?"

"At the sweet way we took 'em in."

"My faithful hearts," said Grubstakes: "you are, indeed, left."

Grubstakes was a hard man.

The fog drives in from the river, the great engines bellow and scream, the pastry lies thick upon the lunch-counters, but who is that lying under the gaslight, choked with a piece of railroad pie?

It is William Goldbright, the Boy Tragedian.  
WILLISTON FISH.

SHERIDAN has been in the terrible front of more than two score of battles, and never received a scratch; Wellington never was wounded in a hundred fights; Grant never was struck in all the long war in which he was the most prominent figure; but O'Gunnovan Rossa never was in a fight in his life, and yet he was brought down at the first shot. Verily, brethren, when the immortal gods go out gunning they know whom to hit.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A PROMINENT clergyman calls the face "the play-ground of the soul." Then a book-agent's cheek must be a prairie.—*New York Journal*.

"How are you getting along with your novel?" asked a friend of a struggling author.

"First-rate."

"When will it come out?"

"I don't know, exactly."

"I hope it will be a success."

"My dear sir," said the author: "it will be one of the most striking literary successes of the age."

"Has any great critic commended it?"

"No."

"Have you been offered a large sum for the copyright?"

"Oh, no."

"Then why do you think that it will be a success?"

"Because it has been rejected by every publishing-house in the country."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

ESPENSCHIED'S SPRING HAT is of a very graceful pattern and style, and will cause successful bettors to wish that they had waited till now to receive their Cleveland tiles. 118 Nassau Street, New York.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

W. A. NOYES, 140 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

Reduced to Seventy-five Cents.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. By mail to any part of the United States or Canada, \$1.00.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.



## FOR WINTER.

After exposure to intense cold, the use of a hot drink made of a teaspoonful or two of the **GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER** causes the skin to act well and sustains and refreshes. **REMEMBER!** the Genuine, Old-fashioned, real Ginger is made in Philadelphia by **FREDERICK BROWN.**

**TRY IT ON.**

## G. H. MUMM & CO. CHAMPAGNE.

CORDON ROUGE,  
EXTRA DRY AND DRY VERZENAY.

Importation in 1884,  
**23,967 CASES MORE**  
than of any other brand.

"YOUNG gentlemen," said the lecturer in chemistry: "coal exposed to the elements loses ten per cent of its weight and power. This is due to the action of the alkali constituents of—"

"But what if there is a dog sleeping near the coal, Professor?"

"None of your levity, young man; this is a serious matter."

"That's what dad thought when seventy-two per cent of his coal-pile disappeared during three nights of exposure. Then he asked my advice as a student in chemistry, and I told him to buy a dog. He bought a dog with bay-window teeth, and the spring-halt in his upper lip, and now we don't lose one per cent of our coal a month. That's the kind of practical chemist I am. Now go on with your theory."  
—*Chicago Herald.*

NEARLY every man knows whar ter begin, but dar's mighty few whut knows whar to stop. —We puts de mos' value on de thing whut am de scarcest. Dat's de reason dat truth creates sich a stir in de market.—It's er mighty hard matter fur er upstart ter keep frum bein' kotch up wid. De leaf dat puts out too soon is ginerally bit by de frost.—De chile ken come up de steps easier den it ken go down, but it ain't dat way wid er grown pusson. Er man ken run down-hill when he kain't crawl up.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"BLESSED shade of Saint Croesus!" howled Old Hyson, when Mrs. H.'s millinery bill came in: "Bank of the Universe! sixty-eight dollars for a bonnet!"

"Yes, dear," she said, so sweetly: "these are the days of Jeffersonian simplicity. The bonnet only cost a dollar and a half; the rest is for the trimmings."

And the old man grinned and paid the bill without a murmur.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

### PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS

—RECOMMEND—

**BROWN'S  
IRON  
BITTERS**  
AS THE  
BEST TONIC

Combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Chills & Fevers, & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys & Liver. Does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation. — other iron medicines do. The genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other made only at Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

### COLUMBIA BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

STANCH AND RELIABLE.  
Illustrated Catalogue Sent Free.

**THE POPE MFG. CO.,**

597 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

BRANCH HOUSES: 12 Warren Street, New York.  
179 Michigan Ave., Chicago.



### CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address

**C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,**  
78 Madison St., Chicago.

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR  
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.

**SOHMER & CO.**

CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

## WALTHAM WATCHES.

RICHEST ASSORTMENT OF

Watches and  
Jewelry



GREAT  
REDUCTION  
IN PRICE OF  
SILVER and GOLD  
WALTHAM  
WATCHES.

LOWEST AND ONE PRICE ONLY.

## JAMES PYLE'S



## PEARLINE

THE BEST  
Washing Compound  
EVER INVENTED.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

## FAULTY VIOLINS

can be turned into splendid toned instruments by being remodelled after Berliner's system of stringing. Endorsed by Prof. Jul. Eichberg, Mr. C. N. Allen and the late DR. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH. Send for pamphlet.

**E. BERLINER,**

Electrician: American Bell Telephone Company,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Behning Pianos*

Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue.  
WAREROOMS, 3 W. 14th ST., N. Y.

**PAYSON'S  
INDELIBLE  
INK**

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agts.

New Editions of PUCK No. 417, with double-page Cartoon,

"CLEVELAND'S ENTRY INTO WASHINGTON, MARCH 4th, 1885,"

and PUCK No. 418, with double-page Supplement,

"PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET,"

have been printed. Copies can be had of all News-dealers, or will be mailed

on receipt of price. Address:

OFFICE OF PUCK,

21—25 Warren Street, N. Y.

## BAUS PIANOS

In Use at the Grand Conservatory of Music  
PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY.  
WAREHOUSES:  
26 WEST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK



## Arnold, Constable & Co.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING  
DEPARTMENT.

Novelties for Easter in London and Paris Neckfurnishing, Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs in the latest styles, ready made or to order. Plain and embroidered Pongee Night Shirts, Pajamas in flannel, cheviot and Silk—Tennis, Traveling and Negligée Shirts, Bath and Steamer Robes, etc.

Broadway & 19th St.  
New York.

The Famous English Custard Powder—Produces  
DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS, at  
HALF THE COST AND TROUBLE.

**BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER**  
A GREAT LUXURY.  
Sold in Boxes at 18 cents, sufficient for 3 pints, and 36 cents, sufficient for 7 pints.

Inventors and Manufacturers, ALFRED BIRD & SONS, Birmingham, England. Sold by all grocers.

**PASTRY and SWEETS Mailed Free.**  
EVANS & SHOWELL, Philadelphia, Pa., and 21 Park Place, New York.  
Sole Agents for U. S. A., will Mail Free, on receipt of address, "PASTRY & SWEETS," a little work containing Practical Hints and Original Recipes for Tasty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper table. 63

**A. WEIDMANN & CO.,**  
306 BROADWAY,  
Cor. Duane Street, NEW YORK.  
Importers and Manufacturers of  
**TOYS, FIREWORKS,**  
Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other  
Material for Costumes, etc.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS**  
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.  
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1873.

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1885.

Now Ready: Price 25 Cents.

### SERENADE TO NORA.

The moonlight is fallin'—  
The sand-stars are pallin'—  
The black wings of night are a-droopin' and trallin';  
The wind's miserere  
Sounds lonesome and dreary;  
The katydid 's dumb and the nightingale 's weary.

Oh, Nora! I 'm wadin'  
The grass, and paradin'  
The dews at your door, wid my swate serenadin';  
Alone and forsaken,  
Whilst you 're never wakin'  
To tell me you 're wid me, and I am mistaken.

Don't think that my singin'  
It 's wrong to be flingin'  
Fornist of the dreams that the angels are bringin';  
For if your pure spirit  
Might waken and hear it,  
You 'd never be dreamin' the Saints could come near it.

Then lave off your slapin'—  
The pulse of me 's lapin'  
To have the two eyes of yez down on me papin'.  
Ah, Nora! It 's hopin'  
Your windy ye 'll open  
And light up the night where the heart of me 's gropin'.  
—J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.

THESE past few cold March days have brought out the "oldest inhabitant" with his recollections of cold days in '32 "or thereabouts." And this reminds us that one day in March, '48, the ice was six feet thick. In an ice-house.—*Norristown Herald*.

A GARDENER near Mobile, Ala., is said to have raised ripe watermelons out of doors from seeds planted in December. This is a new method of utilizing doors; but, as our curiosity is aroused, we should like to see a door-seed.—*Boston Post*.

A COLORED preacher near Atlanta essayed to handle the text, "And de vale of de temple was rent in twine, the red twine, the blue twine and the yellow twine."—*Lynn Bee*.

WHEN traveling, the Prince of Wales, it is said, never carries a purse. It wouldn't do; some of his creditors might strike him.—*Boston Post*.

It is rumored that the sale of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has taken such dimensions that the proprietors are unable to supply all orders. We advise our druggists to prepare themselves for all emergencies, as the people rely on them for this valuable remedy.

Angostura Bitters were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

## DECKER'S BILLIARD AND POOL

Tables, celebrated for fine workmanship, quickness and durability of cushions. Prices low and terms easy. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Factory and WAREHOUSES 105 EAST 9th St., N. Y.

40

Hidden Name, Embossed and New Chrome Cards, name in new type, an Elegant 48 page Gilt bound Floral Autograph Album with quotations, 12 page Illustrated Premium and Price List and Agent's Convincing Outfit all for 15c. SNOW & CO., Meriden Conn. 43

PHONOGRAPHY, or Phonetic Short Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, with alphabet and illustration for beginners, sent on application. Address: 22 PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### VOLUME XVI OF "PUCK."

Bound copies of Volume XVI. are now ready. They are made up of new copies especially reserved for this purpose, and will contain an illuminated title-page. They are to be bound in the most approved style, the centre cartoon being brought forward, displaying each cartoon and the reading-matter under same in full, which, by the old method, was partially concealed, thereby destroying its effect as a picture, and very often concealing the most essential point in the idea.

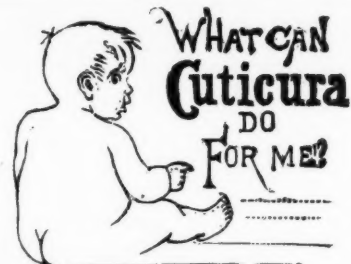
Price, Bound in Cloth.....\$3.75  
Half Morocco.....4.50

### OUR BINDERY.

We will be pleased to receive orders from subscribers and the public in general who desire to have their own copies bound in the above style. Price, in Cloth, \$1.25; Half Morocco, \$2.00 per volume (26 numbers).

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers PUCK,

Nos. 21, 23 & 25 Warren St., New York.



EVERYTHING that is purifying, beautifying, and curative for the Skin, Scalp, and Flood the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. Nothing in medicine so agreeable, so speedy, and so wholesome. Guaranteed absolutely pure by the analytical chemists of the State of Massachusetts, whose certificates accompany every package. For cleansing the Skin and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scall Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c., SOAP, 25c., RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.  
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

### SCROFULA.

A girl in my employ has been cured of constitutional scrofula by the use of Swift's Specific.  
J. O. McDANIEL, Allatoona, Ga.  
(This gentleman is father of the Governor of Ga.)

Vanderbilt's millions could not buy from me what Swift's Specific has done for me. It cured me of scrofula of 15 years standing.

MRS. ELIZABETH BAKER, Acworth, Ga.

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE.—I was brought to death's door by a combination of eczema and erysipelas, from which I had suffered for three years. Was treated by several physicians with iodide potassium, which seemed to feed the disease. I have been cured sound and well by the use of Swift's Specific.  
MRS. SARAH E. TURNER, Humboldt, Tenn.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23rd St., New York.

## Fine Custom Tailoring

SPRING STYLES  
NOW READY.

The Choice of Foreign and Home Manufacture.

Overcoats to order from \$16.00  
Suits " " " 20.00  
Pants " " " 5.00

Samples and Self-measurement Rules Mailed on Application.

**NICOLL, "the Tailor"**  
Broadway & Ninth St.,  
Opposite Stewart's.  
139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

## RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with strong endorsements and photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.



## Did She Die?

"No!"  
 "She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."  
 "The doctors doing her no good;"  
 "And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."  
 "Indeed! Indeed!"  
 "How thankful we should be for that medicine."

## A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery."  
 "From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility."  
 "Under the care of the best physicians,"  
 "Who gave her disease various names,"  
 "But no relief."  
 "And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

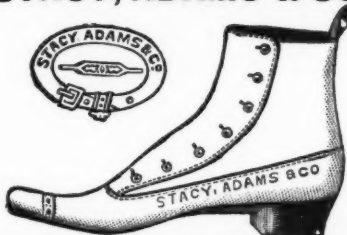
## Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:  
 "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."  
 "He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."  
 "And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."  
 —LADY OF Utica, N. Y.

They Stand at the Head!  
THE BEST SHOES

For Gentlemen's wear, in the World, for the money are made by

**STACY, ADAMS & CO.**



**COMFORT, STYLE & DURABILITY!**  
 Ask your dealer for the Stacy, Adams & Co. Shoe.  
 These goods are made of the best French and Domestic stock, Kangaroo tops, in hand and machine sewed, in CONGRESS, BUTTON and LACE, and EVERY PAIR WARRANTED. Satisfaction is guaranteed everyone that wears the Stacy, Adams & Co. Shoe. Sold everywhere by first-class dealers.  
 If these goods are not kept in stock by your dealer, send your address to  
**STACY, ADAMS & CO.,**  
 38 Summer Street, Boston, Mass. 118

## Pearls in the Mouth.



## Beauty and Fragrance

Are communicated to the mouth by

## SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

SOLD BY

DRUGGISTS and FANCY GOODS DEALERS.

70 Chromo Cards and Tennyson's Poems mailed for ten cent stamps. Acme Mfg. Co., Ivoryton, Conn.

"This is my friend, Mr. Jones; he stands very high in our church; he's first bass."  
 "Indeed, I'm very glad to meet him."  
 "And this is Mr. Smith—"  
 "Ah! I suppose the catcher or pitcher?"  
 "Catcher or pitcher! Why, no; he's the tenor."  
 "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, confusedly: "I thought the gentleman belonged to a base-ball club."—*Boston Courier.*

A BILL has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature compelling persons riding or driving to turn to the right, under penalty of five dollars fine. If the members of the Legislature were always to "keep to the right," it would be money in the Commonwealth's pocket.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE golden days when the New England legislator used to "make expenses" and save his salary by sawing wood and carrying a dinner-pail have passed away. But in Connecticut he still manifests a thrifty disposition by leasing his railroad-pass at two dollars per day.—*De-troit Free Press.*

A COOK from the East who works for a city family has not become accustomed to our dark days. She has to make a chalk-mark on the cellar door to be sure at what meals to serve roast-beef and what to serve ham and eggs.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A SURGEON hospital announces "bent limbs made straight." If it can insure straight elbows it will do much for temperance.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

LIKE the worm, the roller-skate will turn when trod on.—*Merchant Traveler.*

## New Administration Whiskey Policy.

Great interest centres in the course that the new administration will pursue concerning this extensive interest, which agitates the producers so violently. Enough has been disclosed to show that the cabinet will act with common sense business intelligence, and it is now generally understood that the Standard of excellence will be DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, which is made by a new scientific process that absolutely eliminates all traces of inflammatory or injurious ingredients, and is the very best remedy for dangers arising from sudden climatic changes, and a complete safeguard against pneumonia, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and debilitating fevers. The leading physicians recommend that it be kept in every family and all reliable grocers and druggists will supply it at \$1 per bottle.

**EDEN MUSÉE.**—55 West 23d Street.  
 Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from 1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors—Trip round the World in 600 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

**3 Printing Press** Do Your Own Printing!  
 Card & Label Press \$3. Larger sizes \$5 to \$75. For old or young. Everything easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory, KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

**RUPTURE** Absolutely cured in 30 to 90 Days  
 by Dr. Pierce's Pat. Magnetic Elastic Truss. War'n't ONLY ELECTRIC TRUSS in world. Entirely different from all others. Perfect Retainer; worn with ease and comfort night and day. Cured the famous Dr. J. Simms of N. Y. and hundreds others. Illus. pamph. free.  
**MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 133 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.**

**DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR**  
 For men's use. Removes hair on face, neck, and chest. No injury. Easily used. Restores the hair. 2 or 3 Puffs done the work. Will grow in or forth. 50c. bottle. 10c. sample or trial.  
**L. A. L. SMITH & CO., Agents, Palestine, Ill.**

## CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

## TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to  
**H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.**

# ANGOSTURA



## BITTERS.

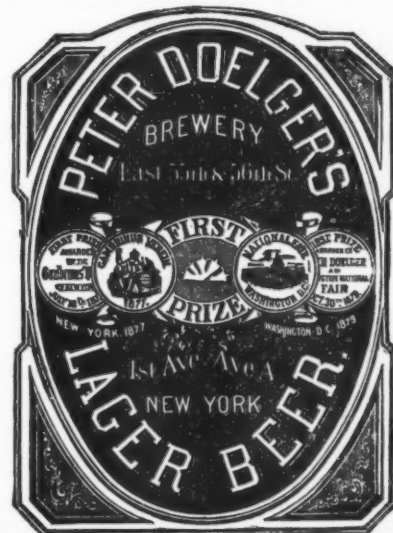
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

**J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.**  
 51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all  
**STOMACH BITTERS,**  
 AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
 To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
**L. FUNKE, JR.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
 78 John Street, New York.

**MUPPERT'S**  
 Lager Beer Brewery,  
 3rd Avenue, 91st to 92nd Streets,  
 NEW YORK. 102



## PROSPECT BREWERY,

Cor. Eleventh and Oxford Sts.,  
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The highly celebrated

## BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

## HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence.



## RUPTURE!

Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric and Magnetic Current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective in curing Rupture. Price Reduced. 50c cured in 1883. Send for pamphlet.  
**ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TRUSS CO., 191 Wabash Ave., Chicago.**

## Piles—Piles—Piles

Cured without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references, Dr. Corkins, 11 E. 29th St.



LET THE ADVERTISING AGENTS TAKE CHARGE OF THE BARTHOLDI BUSINESS,  
AND THE MONEY WILL BE RAISED WITHOUT DELAY.